

The Seven Oldest People in America.

ALL OVER 100 YEARS OLD AND TO-MORROW THEY WILL Have Lived in Three Centuries.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten time, and is the proudest recollection of my long life.

"I remember that one soldier took me up before General Washington and said: 'This is the little girl that brought us our New Year's dinner,' and Washington patted my head and said, 'God bless you for it.'"

"I don't remember much about the war of 1812. I didn't see any soldiers that time, but I remember Abe Lincoln's war. I had two sons in that war. They never gave me any pension except freedom, which is the best gift any one could have."

"So I think that New Year's Day, 1863, when the Emancipation Proclamation was made, was the most glorious day in any

is the revolution of 1798 in Ireland, which corresponds to our own Revolution in the minds of Irish patriots. It is given below as he related it to a Journal correspondent last week:

BY MICHAEL MOONEY,
107 YEARS OLD.

"Being an Irishman I think that the most important event I ever saw and took part in was the revolution in Ireland in 1798. That was to us what the Revolution of 1776 was to America, only it didn't turn out so well."

"My father and two brothers fought gallantly all through the uprising, under the

demonstration. We brought the wood from which the fire was kindled, and also made many disrespectful allusions to the then English King, George III."

"As a result an investigation came and our little family was terrified nearly to frenzy by a report circulated on January 1 that our arrest had been ordered. We could not leave the city without attracting notice, so my mother hid us among the rafters of the attic."

"It was there, frightened almost to death, crouched in a racking position, trembling at the sound of every footstep and momentarily expecting arrest, that my

MRS. SARAH DOAN TERRY,
108 YEARS OLD

HERE are photographs of seven people in this country who, if they survive until to-morrow, will have lived in three centuries:

The youngest of these centenarians is one hundred years and eight months old, while the oldest is one hundred and twenty-nine years old.

Their recollections of things that occurred during the closing days of the eighteenth century, and extending over the entire nineteenth century are human documents of rare interest.

Mrs. Sarah Doan Terry, the oldest daughter of the Revolution, 108 years old, is now living with a granddaughter at No. 545 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Her father was Stacy Doan, a prominent patriot and soldier of the Revolution and the head of one of the wealthy and fashionable families of New Jersey at that time. She was born at Pemberton, N. J., September 29, 1791. In spite of her great age, when interviewed by the Journal correspondent a week ago she was in good health, active and in possession of all her faculties. The fact that she took a ride in an automobile but a few weeks ago shows how she has kept up with the times.

BY MRS. SARAH DOAN TERRY,
108 YEARS OLD.

"I am the oldest daughter of the Revolution."

"My memory runs back to before the beginning of the nineteenth century. The most memorable thing I recall in the eighteenth century was a certain New Year's Revolutionary dinner party which my father gave on January 1, 1796, while the family was living at Salem, N. J."

"The commencing of the feast was characterized by the stately dignity of the time. My father first said a solemn grace, and then rose and proposed the health of George Washington, 'President of the United States, its founder and greatest citizen.'"

"After that I saw President Washington a number of times in Philadelphia. I suppose it will sound very strange to most people when I say that I saw Queen Victoria when she was a little girl and was too chubby to be really pretty. I was forty years old then and was taking a European trip, much as people do in these latter days of the century."

"Don't think for a minute that I have ceased to enjoy myself. One of the greatest pleasures of my life was an automobile ride which I took a few weeks ago. It seemed like a remarkable fulfillment of one of Mother Shipton's prophecies, 'Carriages without horses shall go.'"

"I rode in almost the first railroad cars, and it had been my desire before I passed

away to ride in a horseless carriage.

"I hope I'll live to take an automobile ride in the next century."

Mrs. Mary MacDonald, of Philadelphia, at the Home for the Aged and Infirm, is the oldest person in this country of which there is an authentic record. She was born in slavery at Frogtown, Pa., December, 1770.

BY MRS. MARY MACDONALD,
129 YEARS OLD.

"The most interesting thing that I can remember was the soldier boys at Valley Forge in the Revolution in 1777, when I was a child of seven years."

"I was living then in Frogtown, Pa., near Valley Forge, and just outside of Norristown."

"It was as close to some of the skirmishes as you are to the wall across the street. I stood in smoke so thick that I couldn't see my own hand before me. It was dreadful—dreadful! And the poor boys would come to our farm every day for something to eat and to keep them warm. I don't remember just what they wore. But they took anything, and we gave them all that we could."

"When I appeared, however, there came a big change. Their sad faces brightened, they laughed for the first time in months; they sang, danced, laughed and cried, and tremendous cheer rang through the camp in honor of the humble little colored girl whom God had prompted to this good deed."

colored person's life."

Michael Mooney, who lives at the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Philadelphia, was born in April, 1792, in the town of Granville, Ireland. With his lively Celtic humor, his iron-gray hair, keen gray eyes and his muscular figure, but little bent with age, he would hardly be taken for more than eighty years old. The occurrence which is most vivid in his mind

ISAAC BROCK
111 YEARS OLD

brother and myself passed New Year's Day, 1790, and the only New Year's dinner I had was a crust of bread, which my father slipped us."

Mrs. Gelestina Nigro, of No. 1135 Vine street, Philadelphia, is probably the oldest emigrant who ever came to the United States, arriving here eleven years ago, when she was ninety-nine years old. She told a Journal correspondent last week

of a visit to Rome exactly one hundred years ago. She related it in Italian, of which the following is a free translation:

BY MRS. GELESTINA NIGRO, 110 YEARS OLD.

"I was ninety-nine years old when I came to the United States, eleven years ago, so I can only tell of old time things in Italy."

"It was the first day of this century, in 1800, just one hundred years, that I was taken by my parents to Rome, which we looked upon as the Holy City, to spend the holidays."

"It was my first sight of the Eternal City, and consequently that holiday season is indelibly impressed on my mind. The day began with the festive clang of a thousand bells from all the church bell-towers in Rome."

"Then we attended the Holy Mass, celebrated by the Pope at St. Peter's, and afterward sat down for our feast."

Mrs. Deborah Doan King, who lives at Young Hickory, near Zanesville, Ohio, was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, September 30, 1760.

Though three years past the century mark, she is quite active and is a good conversationalist. A few weeks ago she talked with a Journal correspondent, and recalled the following interesting events of the War of 1812:

BY MRS. DEBORAH DOAN KING.

"The events of the war of 1812 are more vivid in my mind than those of our recent war with Spain, for I was at that time a girl at the romantic age of sixteen. Two of my beaux were among the volunteers who took part in the unsuccessful invasion of Canada and the surrender of Detroit in the early part of the war."

"Commodore Perry's brilliant victory at the battle of Lake Erie took place almost

at our doors. It seemed to us who lived in Pennsylvania."

"There was great rejoicing when the frigate Constitution defeated the Guerriere about like that over Dewey's victory Manila. I remember how the news of the victorious battles of Chippewa, Lund Lane and of Lake Champlain came quick succession."

"Then there was the fearful time when the British defeated the Americans at Bladensburg and entered Washington and burned the public buildings. Soon afterward came our victories at Baltimore and New Orleans, that turned the tide of the war in our favor."

Mrs. Elizabeth Sorden, who lives at 2724 Bridge street, Bridgeburg, Pa., eight months past the century mark, born in Elizabeth, N. J., on April 18, 1770. She gives the following statement of what seems to her the greatest event of her time and of the century just closing:

BY MRS. ELIZABETH SORDEN,
100 YEARS OLD.

"The greatest event in my career of little over a hundred years to me was the surrender of Gen. Lee at Appomattox. I have lived to see my country in three great wars, '12, '61, and '98, and our progress has been rapid during this century, and the marvels in the invention have been truly wonderful."

In reviewing in my memory all the events of my life, however, I think the surrender of General Lee was the most remarkable and significant."

"Only to us who lived in the past generation can Lee's surrender be fully appreciated. It meant the end of the bitter civil war ever waged, a reunited country and peace and happiness ever to follow."

Isaac Brock, who lives in Texas, is a remarkable specimen of a 111-year-old centurion. He was born in North Carolina March 1, 1788. He fought in four wars and tells this interesting story of an active career extending over the entire nineteenth century:

BY ISAAC BROCK, 111 YEARS OLD.

"I enlisted in the War of 1812 as a young man of twenty-four and I faced the British redcoats in battle more than once. I went out to Texas when this region was a searable republic, and I fought in Texas's war against Mexico in 1835 and 1836. I took a hand in the war of the United States against Mexico, which took place ten years later."

"I was getting pretty old when the civil war came around, but I was pressed into service and served as a gunner in a battery at Galveston and was under fire of the Federal gunboats."

"I kept on fighting Indians on the Texas frontier till I was over eighty years old. Since then I've given up soldiering and taken to fishing."

Young Jesse James's Book About His Father.

JESSE JAMES, JR., has written a book about himself and his father, the notorious Missouri highwayman. Young James got up a reputation of his own last year through an alleged connection with a train robbery near Kansas City. He was arrested, tried and acquitted. His book tells all about that incidentally. But it is mainly a story of his father's exploits as a bandit.

"I wrote every word in it myself," he says, "without help from any one, except that after it was written a newspaper editor, who printed it, looked it over and corrected the mistakes I made in grammar and punctuation. I am not a college graduate, so the public will pardon any mistakes in the book."

"Hundreds of books have been written and published about Jesse James and what is commonly known as the 'James Band.' Many of these books are false from cover to cover."

"This is because these writings were done by those who never knew my father. I defy the world to show that he ever slew a human being except in the protection of his own life, or as a soldier in honorable warfare. His only brother, whose name was linked with his in all the years of his life, is a free man to-day, acquitted of all crime."

"Here are a few extracts from the book: 'I remember my father as a tall, rather heavily built man, with a dark, sandy beard. He was very kind to mother and to sister and to me. I did not then know his real name or my own. I did not know that he was concealing anything from the public, or that he was in danger of capture. He was living then under the name of Thomas Howard. My name was Charlie Howard, but my father and mother always called me 'Tim.' Father never called me by any other name than 'Tim.' Charlie Howard, who was at the house a good deal of the time, went by the name of Charles

Johnson. They claimed to be cousins.

"The Spring my father was killed there was a great parade in St. Joseph in celebration of some public event. My father rode on horseback, with me in front of him, leading the parade over its whole route. Mounted police, and father rode right behind them."

"In the days in St. Joseph father always kept at least two horses in the stable back of the house. Father was heavily armed at all times. In the house he kept a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot, and a Winchester rifle. A .45-caliber Colt's revolver, a .45-caliber Schofield revolver and three cartridge belts loaded, and some cartridges in his pocket was the way he armed himself when he went downtown. When he went away, he took with him some length of time, he carried, in addition to this, a small valise full of cartridges. When on a trip he carried his Winchester strapped on the inside of a large umbrella."

"For sixteen years of his life, beginning with 1866 and ending April 3, 1882, when he was killed, my father was outlawed, and police officials and detectives were searching everywhere, except in the right place, to find him. In these long years he had many thrilling adventures, some amusing ones and many narrow escapes, none of which have ever been told in print before. Owing to the fact that my father had only two photographs ever taken, and that these were in the hands of his family and were never seen by those who were searching for him, no correct picture of him was ever printed, and consequently his features were unknown to all except a few, and nearly all of those were loyal friends, who could be depended on never to betray him under any circumstances. My father used to live in Kansas City and other cities, and go and come on the busiest streets in broad daylight."

Decay of Religion in New England.

By Frank W. Rollins, Governor of New Hampshire.



THIS strong and interesting address was delivered before the Union of Congregational Ministers of Boston. Governor Rollins had already deplored the decay of religious faith in New Hampshire in a Thanksgiving Day proclamation.

I AM exceedingly diffident in coming before this clerical body, for I feel more at home on State street. Though a member of the Episcopal Church, I make no pretensions to being a specially religious man. But I am sure that there is a deep need of Christianity. Without it our Government must go the same way that other governments have gone, to gradual decay."

I am equally sure that Christianity is losing its hold over our people. I have been in every town in New Hampshire. I know a large percentage of the people, and I am sure of my ground. The Methodists, Baptists and Catholics largely approved of my first day proclamation, but the Congregational pulpits denied the truth of my statements, and I have been fiercely attacked as untrue to my native State. But, partly as a result of my proclamation, many districts have been improved, and the Episcopal Church has undertaken a house to house canvass of the whole State. The reason of this decline in religion I attribute to a loosening of religious faith. You clergymen are no longer the spiritual guides of the people, who now follow the religion of the newspapers. The Ark has been overturned; the Bible account of the creation denied; Jonah repudiated, and the anchor of the old faith pulled up before the sails are set for the new."

The best blood of the country towns of northern New England has for generations been going to Boston and New York, leaving in some places only the weaklings to do the work in the old country."

These less energetic ones have intermarried, till in one town I am acquainted with in Maine, there is an imbecile in almost every family, due to breeding in and in.

Denominational discord is another cause of religious decline in the country town where people carry their religious disputes into week-day business and thus weaken church influence."

From this decline in religion naturally arises a neglect of the Sabbath, the introduction of European Sunday customs. The playing of golf on Sunday is one of our problems in New Hampshire. Shops are open, and Sunday theatres will be the next step. You will see them in Boston within a few years."

The increase of foreign population is a gain rather than a loss to the country towns, for it brings in new blood, so greatly needed, and the people are usually strong Catholics, not irreligious, and their increase is a favorable element."

What is to be the remedy? Such organizations as yours, the meeting of ministers of all denominations to discuss religious problems is a good feature, as is the work of the Y. M. C. A. But the keener and strongest men in every community now hold entirely aloof from church work, spend their Sundays in physical rest and are seldom or never seen in church, which is also principally run by women."

The kind of men who go into the ministry is also a damage to the cause of religion. Young men who have no special call to anything else drift into the pulpit, where they seek a chance to get an easy living. Of course, this does not apply to any of you gentlemen in this room, but the Protestant churches have much to learn from the Roman Catholics, who take care to select the brightest young men for the priesthood, not allowing any drowsy to go to the theological seminary."



"The playing of golf on Sunday is one of our problems."



"Shops are open on Sunday."

How I Discovered Wireless Telegraphy.

By Prof. Amos E. Dolbear, of Tufts College, Mass.

THE name "Marconi" is so associated with the science of wireless telegraphy that to dissociate the two seems almost like asserting that Columbus did not discover America. And yet the laurel may be taken from Italy and brought home to Boston, in that a Boston genius, Professor Amos E. Dolbear, professor of physics at Tufts College, claims precedence of Marconi in experimenting, in discovery and in securing a patent. It might be thought that one who made the discovery, recognizing its importance, would lose no time in promoting it. The reason Professor Dolbear did not was that at the time the company which controlled a telephonic device of his had just been worsted in the courts and was indisposed to take up anything further.

MY discovery was made by accident, when one day I found I could hear spoken words without the use of a wire.

One day in the year 1881 I was at work on my static telephone in my office at No. 70 Washington street, Boston. I was talking through the telephone to a man in another part of the building, when suddenly I noticed while listening that the receiver I held to my ear was rather detached from the line, and yet I was hearing plainly the words spoken at the transmitter.

Keeping the receiver pressed to my ear I retreated step by step from the end of the line, with which I had supposed myself connected, until I got as far away as the limits of the room would permit—a distance of at least fifty feet from the wire to where the transmitter was detached—and at that point I could still hear plainly the spoken words and whatever other sound was made."

That was my discovery, up to then altogether unknown and unsuspected. At that time Marconi would be about eight years old, and he has only been heard of within the last two or three years. I found that I did not need to have my receiver connected with the wire in order to hear spoken words."

This method was exhibited in January of 1882, at the Institute of Technology, Boston, and afterward in other places, and application for a patent was made. After more experimenting, it was developed into the method which is now known as wireless telegraphy, in which, at the transmitting end of the line, an induction coil, containing a transmitter, which may be either a telephonic transmitter or a Morse key, is included in the primary circuit of an induction coil which has one end grounded and the other end elevated in free space and is a small wire with one terminal in the earth and containing the receiver."

I consider my claims superior to those of Marconi in even informed by the best patent talent in Boston that my claim of Marconi's. He works with my system. His patents are. He has only, it might be said, invented a more sensitive coil